

THE
SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.—NO. 18.

Philadelphia, May 4, 1822.

Miscellany.

BIBLICAL LITERATURE.

Ninth Century.

(Continued from p. 337.)

It was during this century that many of the Northern States of Europe received the Gospel, through the pious labours of Methodius and Cyril, brothers, natives of Thessalonica, and monks of a noble family. Cyril first went on a mission to the Chazari, a tribe of the Tucri, the most powerful nation of the Huns then in European Scythia. His next mission, assisted by Methodius, was to the Bulgarians, a nation of the Slavi, who inhabited the modern Wallachia, Moldavia, and part of Hungary. Thence they passed into Moravia, and in time visited nearly all the Slavonian tribes. For these people they invented an alphabet, formed principally of the Greek capitals, and translated the Scriptures and Liturgy into the new tongue. The characters are usually called Cyrillian, and the alphabet the Servian or ancient Russian: both were approved by Pope John VIII.; and indeed their importance to the propagation of Christianity may be estimated when we reflect on the number of dialects into which the Slavonian had branched, and the multitude of people who understood no other. Reland enumerates no fewer than thirteen, the Cyrillic, Bulgaric, Dalmatic, Croatic, Slavonic, Bohemic, Polonic, Vandalic, Lusatic, Muscovitic, or Russic, Carniolic, Nova Zemblic, and Wallachic. Cyril died in 870.

“The oldest printed edition of the Slavonian Scriptures, and the first book printed in the language, is the Pentateuch, 4to. It was translated by Francis Scorino, a physician, and printed at Prague in 1519, on good paper, in beautiful Cyrillian characters, and with few or no abbreviations. The second page of the title is ornamented, or rather *disgraced*, with a representa-

tion of angels combating with infernal spirits; above them the Holy Trinity, under the form of an old man with three faces, lifting up his hand as if to bless them, whilst the angels offer him crowns.

"The *first* book printed at *Moscow*, was the ACTS and EPISTLES OF THE APOSTLES, in 1654, in the time of the Czar Ivan Wasilovitsch. The characters and paper are excellent, the latter was probably obtained from England; since in this undertaking, the Czar applied to those nations who were most capable of affording him aid and instruction in the establishment of printing in his dominions. In the library of the Academy of Sciences at Petersburg, a copy of this rare edition is preserved, which a soldier found by chance, and presented to the academy in 1730.

"The whole Bible, from the version of Methodius and Cyril, was printed at Ostrog, 1581, fol. and again at Moscow, 1663, fol. The *Slavonian*, or ancient Russian, is still the authorized version of the Russian church, though scarcely intelligible to the common people."

In England the reign of Alfred produced great results, but it has been illustrated so often in every shape, that it is unnecessary for us to repeat in detail the acts by which he contributed very largely to the diffusion of learning, and the consolidation of laws and religion in his dominions, previous to his death at the early age of 52, in October, 900 or 901. We shall here, therefore, close the epitome of the leading Biblical facts of a century, not very distinguished in the growing gloom of the dark ages.

(*To be continued.*)

CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Being an Extract from the Life of a Scholar.

(Continued from page 360.)

This incident I have digressed to mention, because this Malay (partly from the picturesque exhibition he assisted to frame, partly from the anxiety I connected with his image for some days) fastened afterwards upon my dreams, and brought other Malays with him worse than himself, that ran "a-muck"* at me, and led me into a world of troubles.—But to quit this episode, and to return to my intercalary year of happiness. I have said already, that on a subject so important to us all as happiness, we should listen with pleasure to any man's experience or experiments, even though he were but a plough-boy, who cannot be supposed to have ploughed very deep into such an intractable

* See the common accounts in any Eastern traveller or voyager of the frantic excesses committed by Malays who have taken opium, or are reduced to desperation by ill luck at gambling.

soil as that of human pains and pleasures, or to have conducted his researches upon any very enlightened principles. But I, who have taken happiness, both in a solid and a liquid shape, both boiled and unboiled, both East India and Turkey—who have conducted my experiments upon this interesting subject with a sort of galvanic battery—and have, for the general benefit of the world, inoculated myself, as it were, with the poison of 800 drops of laudanum per day (just, for the same reason, as a French surgeon inoculated himself lately with cancer—an English one, twenty years ago, with plague—and a third, I know not of what nation, with hydrophobia),—I (it will be admitted) must surely know what happiness is, if any body does. And, therefore, I will here lay down an analysis of happiness; and as the most interesting mode of communicating it, I will give it, not didactically, but wrapt up and involved in a picture of one evening, as I spent every evening during the intercalary year when laudanum, though taken daily, was to me no more than the elixir of pleasure. This done, I shall quit the subject of happiness altogether, and pass to a very different one—the *pains of opium*.

Let there be a cottage, standing in a valley, 18 miles from any town—no spacious valley, but about two miles long, by three quarters of a mile in average width; the benefit of which provision is, that all the families resident within its circuit will compose, as it were, one larger household personally familiar to your eye, and more or less interesting to your affections. Let the mountains be real mountains, between 3 and 4000 feet high, and the cottage, a real cottage; not (as a witty author has it) “a cottage with a double coach-house:” let it be, in fact (for I must abide by the actual scene), a white cottage, embowered with flowering shrubs, so chosen as to unfold a succession of flowers upon the walls, and clustering round the windows through all the months of spring, summer, and autumn—beginning, in fact, with May roses, and ending with jasmine. Let it, however, *not* be spring, nor summer, nor autumn—but winter, in his sternest shape. This is a most important point in the science of happiness. And I am surprised to see people overlook it, and think it matter of congratulation that winter is going; or, if coming, is not likely to be a severe one. On the contrary, I put up a petition annually, for as much snow, hail, frost, or storm, of one kind or other, as the skies can possibly afford us. Surely every body is aware of the divine pleasures which attend a winter fire-side: candles at four o’clock, warm hearth-rugs, tea, a fair tea maker, shutters closed, curtains flowing in ample draperies on the floor, whilst the wind and rain are raging audibly without,

And at the doors and windows seem to call
As heav’n and earth they would together mell;

Yet the least entrance find they none at all:
Whence sweeter grows our rest secure in massy hall.

Castle of Indolence.

All these are items in the description of a winter evening, which must surely be familiar to every body born in a high latitude. And it is evident, that most of these delicacies, like ice-cream, require a very low temperature of the atmosphere to produce them: they are fruits which cannot be ripened without weather stormy or inclement, in some way or other. I am not "*particular*," as people say, whether it be snow, or black frost, or wind so strong, that (as Mr. — says) "you may lean your back against like a post." I can put up even with rain, provided it rains cats and dogs: but something of the sort I must have: and, if I have it not, I think myself in a manner ill used: for why am I called on to pay so heavily for winter, in coals, and candles, and various privations that will occur even to gentlemen, if I am not to have the article good of its kind? No: a Canadian winter for my money: or a Russian one where every man is but a co-proprietor with the north wind in the fee-simple of his own ears. Indeed, so great an epicure am I in this matter, that I cannot relish a winter night fully if it be much past St. Thomas's day, and have degenerated into disgusting tendencies to vernal appearances: no; it must be divided by a thick wall of dark nights from all return of light and sunshine.—From the latter weeks of October to Christmas-eve, therefore, is the period during which happiness is in season, which in my judgment, enters the room with the tea-tray: for tea, though ridiculed by those who are naturally of coarse nerves, or are become so from wine-drinking, and are not susceptible of influence from so refined a stimulant, will always be the favourite beverage of the intellectual: and, for my part, I would have joined Dr. Johnson in a *bellum internecinum* against Jonas Hanway, or any other impious person, who should presume to disparage it.—But here, to save myself the trouble of too much verbal description, I will introduce a painter; and give him directions for the rest of the picture. Painters do not like white cottages, unless a good deal weather-stained: but as the reader now understands that it is a winter night, his services will not be required, except for the inside of the house.

Paint me, then, a room seventeen feet by twelve, and not more than seven and a half feet high. This, reader, is somewhat ambitiously styled, in my family, the drawing-room: but, being contrived "a double debt to pay," it is also, and more justly, termed the library; for it happens that books are the only article of property in which I am richer than my neighbours. Of these, I have about five thousand, collected gradually since my eighteenth year. Therefore, painter, put as many as you

can into this room. Make it populous with books: and, furthermore, paint me a good fire; and furniture, plain and modest, befitting the unpretending cottage of a scholar. And near the fire, paint me a tea-table; and (as it is clear that no creature can come to see one such a stormy night,) place only two cups and saucers on the tea-tray: and, if you know how to paint such a thing symbolically, or otherwise, paint me an eternal tea-pot—eternal *à parte ante*, and *à parte post*; for I usually drink tea from eight o'clock at night to four in the morning. And, as it is very unpleasant to make tea, or to pour it out for oneself, paint me a lovely young woman, sitting at the table. Paint her arms like Aurora's, and her smiles like Hebe's:—But no, dear M., not even in jest let me insinuate that thy power to illuminate my cottage rests upon a tenure so perishable as mere personal beauty; or that the witchcraft of angelic smiles lies within the empire of any earthly pencil. Pass, then, my good painter, to something more within its power: and the next article brought forward should naturally be myself—a picture of the Opium-eater, with his “little golden receptacle of the pernicious drug,” lying beside him on the table. As to the opium, I have no objection to see a picture of *that*, though I would rather see the original: you may paint it, if you choose; but I apprise you, that no “little” receptacle would, even in 1816, answer *my* purpose, who was at a distance from the “stately Pantheon,” and all druggists (mortal or otherwise). No: you may as well paint the real receptacle, which was not of gold, but of glass, and as much like a wine-decanter as possible. Into this you may put a quart of ruby-coloured laudanum: that, and a book of German metaphysics placed by its side, will sufficiently attest my being in the neighbourhood; but as to myself,—there I demur. I admit that, naturally, I ought to occupy the foreground of the picture; that being the hero of the piece, or (if you choose) the criminal at the bar, my body should be had into court. This seems reasonable: but why should I confess, on this point, to a painter? or why confess at all? If the public (into whose private ear I am confidentially whispering my confessions, and not into any painter's) should chance to have framed some agreeable picture for itself, of the Opium-eater's exterior,—should have ascribed to him, romantically, an elegant person, or a handsome face, why should I barbarously tear from it so pleasing a delusion—pleasing both to the public and to me? No: paint me, if at all, according to your own fancy: and, as a painter's fancy should teem with beautiful creations, I cannot fail, in that way, to be a gainer. And now, reader, we have run through all the ten categories of my condition, as it stood about 1816–17; up to the middle of which latter year I judge myself to have been a happy man: and the ele-

ments of that happiness I have endeavoured to place before you, in the above sketch of the interior of a scholar's library, in a cottage among the mountains, on a stormy winter evening.

But now farewell—a long farewell to happiness—winter or summer! farewell to smiles and laughter! farewell to peace of mind! farewell to hope and to tranquil dreams, and to the blessed consolations of sleep! for more than three years and a half I am summoned away from these: I am now arrived at an Iliad of woes: for I have now to record

The Pains of Opium.

—— as when some great painter dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.

Shelley's Revolt of Islam.

Reader, who have thus far accompanied me, I must request your attention to a brief explanatory note on three points:

1. For several reasons, I have not been able to compose the notes for this part of my narrative into any regular and connected shape. I give the notes disjointed as I find them, or have now drawn them up from memory. Some of them point to their own date; some I have dated; and some are undated. Whenever it could answer my purpose to transplant them from the natural or chronological order, I have not scrupled to do so. Sometimes I speak in the present, sometimes in the past tense. Few of the notes, perhaps, were written exactly at the period of time to which they relate; but this can little affect their accuracy; as the impressions were such that they can never fade from my mind. Much has been omitted. I could not, without effort, constrain myself to the task of either recalling, or constructing into a regular narrative, the whole burden of horrors which lies upon my brain. This feeling partly I plead in excuse, and partly that I am now in London, and am a helpless sort of person, who cannot even arrange his own papers without assistance; and I am separated from the hands which are wont to perform for me the offices of an amanuensis.

2. You will think, perhaps, that I am too confidential and communicative of my own private history. It may be so. But my way of writing is rather to think aloud, and follow my own humours, than much to consider who is listening to me; and if I stop to consider what is proper to be said to this or that person, I shall soon come to doubt whether any part at all is proper. The fact is, I place myself at a distance of fifteen or twenty years ahead of this time, and suppose myself writing to those who will be interested about me hereafter; and wishing to have some record of a time, the entire history of which no one can know but myself, I do it as fully as I am able with the efforts I am now capable of making, because I know not whether I can ever find time to do it again.

3. It will occur to you often to ask, why did I not release myself from the horrors of opium, by leaving it off, or diminishing it? To this I must answer briefly: it might be supposed that I yielded to the fascinations of opium too easily; it cannot be supposed that any man can be charmed by its terrors. The reader may be sure, therefore, that I made attempts innumerable to reduce the quantity. I add, that those who witnessed the agonies of those attempts, and not myself, were the first to beg me to desist. But could not I have reduced it a drop a day, or by adding water, have bisected or trisected a drop? A thousand drops bisected would thus have taken nearly six years to reduce; and that way would certainly not have answered. But this is a common mistake of those who know nothing of opium experimentally; I appeal to those who do, whether it is not always found that down to a certain point it can be reduced with ease and even pleasure, but that, after that point, further reduction causes intense suffering. Yes, say many thoughtless persons, who know not what they are talking of, you will suffer a little low spirits and dejection for a few days. I answer, no; there is nothing like low spirits; on the contrary, the mere animal spirits are uncommonly raised; the pulse is improved; the health is better. It is not there that the suffering lies. It has no resemblance to the sufferings caused by renouncing wine. It is a state of unutterable irritation of stomach (which surely is not much like dejection), accompanied by intense perspirations and feelings such as I shall not attempt to describe without more space at my command.

I shall now enter "*in medias res*," and shall anticipate, from a time when my opium pains might be said to be at their *acmé*, an account of their palsyng effects on the intellectual faculties.

(*To be continued.*)

FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

BRADGATE PARK, THE RESIDENCE OF LADY JANE GREY.

(*Continued from p. 374.*)

On stepping to the wicket of the farm-yard, you pass, or rather *I* passed (for I *must* speak by my memory,) under an oak that is hollow with age;—perchance under that very tree hath Lady Jane passed;—under that tree read;—there thought and wept (for she had ever a soul sad with an over-wise consciousness);—I leaned against the wicket, and looked up into its forest of branches, *mazing* my mind in its knotty intricacies, as the philosopher would vainly master some tangled subject of the brain. The brook is within forty paces of this gate, and winds up, snakishly enough, to within the same distance from the ruin of the house. There is a nearer footway, well trodden,

through the park ; but that was not the way for me, and I chose rather to unthread the little slim palace of the water-spirit that haunts the solitude of the forest, than go as the crow flies, and the milkmaid walks. The tall and beautiful trees which line this delightful stream, hold out the most tempting spots for indolence and rest ;—and I could not resist lying down at the foot of many a goodly trunk, and starting the wary trout from a similar though deeper enjoyment of solitude and shade. At length I reached the famous ruin—ruin indeed !—The few relics of wall and tower that remain give you little idea of the original shape of the building, although it is described as having been square and with four towers. There appear to be some remains of a kitchen, and the side nearest the chapel (which is the most perfect) still partly triumphs over time. The walls on all sides, except this, have not only fallen, but crumbled into the very earth, and become covered with the soft and silent turf. You can walk on a kind of terrace of about eight feet in breadth, within which, as though sunk into the earth, is a place now called the Bowling-green ; I could not myself help thinking that it must have been the tilt-yard, and more particularly, as the place pointed out to me as such did not in the least satisfy my feeling of that chivalrous spot. The pleasure-grounds are now distinguishable by their being a wilderness.—The uncultivated earth is rich and soft as ever ; but the garden of man's care is eloquent of neglect, and seems to disdain any other but its first proud life.

Nichols writes exactly enough, in his Leicestershire History, thus :—“ The careful observer may yet discover some traces of the tilt-yard ; but the courts are now occupied by rabbits, and shaded with chesnut trees and mulberries. The lover of the picturesque will be particularly struck with the approach from Thurcaston, especially at the keeper's lodge, where the view is truly enchanting. On the left appears a large grove of venerable trees. On the right are the ruins of the mansion, surmounted by rugged rocks and aged oaks ; the forest hills, with the tower on the hill, called Old John, forming the back ground of the prospect : whilst the valley, through which the trout stream runs, extends in front, with clumps to shade the deer, and terminates in a narrow winding glen, thickly clothed with an umbrageous shade.” This passage, written in the good old *county* style, gives a very fair picture of the place ;—and if it were only from the mention of the *rabbits*, I should be sure that the writer had visited the ruin itself. That little grey race has fixed itself immoveably there, and defies extinction.

The chapel, which you reach through a mass of ruin, is the least touched by decay. You enter it, and are awed by the intense chill and silence of the place. All is white—solemn—

exact. One tomb of the Suffolk family, with its two figures extended, in the usual monumental attitude, with pointing palms, is in a very fine state. It is impossible here to forget, that Lady Jane Grey must often have knelt in this sacred chapel, and have breathed her virgin prayers audibly within it:—no such voice hath ever broken its silence since;—nor will hymn be sung, or orison uttered, with so pure a zeal, in any of the coming years of its decay. The trees around this ruin seem older than any other trees in the forest. They appear musing over their age, and drowsing

—With hoods, that fall low down
Before their eyes, in fashion like to those
Worn by the monks in Cologne.

On the opposite side of the brook to that on which the ruin decays, stands a large barn-like building, which was originally used as the kitchen and offices of the mansion. Since that time, it has been converted to a kennel for stag hounds, and now it is utterly closed and neglected. The effect of this huge sombre building is in unison with the whole scene, making the heart grave and melancholy.

I turned again to the poor fragment of the ruin, and again stood by the side of that yard, which I still must think the tilt-yard. How often, methought, within a bowshot of that desolate place had bounded the armed horse, with glittering poictrel, bearing his proud lord in rich apparel, and costly armour. The silence, now so profound, and vexed only by the lofty rook, had been torn by the daring trumpet,—and the turf, now touched but by the simple rabbit, had been spurned by the flashing hoof, or dinted by the dishonoured helm. I pictured in a dreaming mood a joust in Suffolk's days—and brought into the field the flower of that age's chivalry:—first, the Earl of Surrey, in his dancing plume—the Howard with his white charger—Seymour and Cromwell—and Dudley—all apparelled like brave knights. They tilted like visions of the air, their imagined accomplishments gleaming and glancing in the sun—they shifted—triumphed—encountered—faded—all—all by turns, and with the inconstancy of dreams. I became delighted with the enchantment, and in the mad joy of fancy—the walls grew up before me—the lattices, flower-adorned, reopened to my view—fair ladies, goodly nobles, filled terrace and gallery—and I saw the young, the gallant Guilford, the impassioned, brave, and unfortunate Dudley, come fiery off in a joust—and ride with bared forehead to the lady of his love, bending as knights in romances are said to bend. And there was the lady—the lady Jane! Young as the veriest flower—beautiful as poet can imagine—her hair simply bound back, after the fashion of her time, so as to betray her expansive and pearl-white forehead—a costly close cap on

the higher part of the head—and a long and *solemn* necklace wound in quaint fashion over her neck and bosom,—her gown, gold-embossed and fitted to her form, like some gentle armour. There she sat. I saw her smile upon Dudley, and straight, as though fancy were jealous of the splendours of that she had woven her web withal, the walls crumbled to air—the pageant faded—and in their room the rabbit nibbled beneath the shading fern—and the fawn bounded out of some weedy recess of the ruin.

It can never be forgotten, that here in Bradgate, the Lady Jane tasted all that was permitted to her of ease, and learning, and happiness. It was here that Ascham, who sojourned in the neighbourhood, was wont to come, and marvel at, and encourage the noble girl's accomplishments. She wrote a beautiful hand, and Ascham was skilful in penmanship. She read Greek, and Ascham, who once wished that friends could discourse in that brave tongue, gloried in her learned pastime. In one of his letters to a favourite German is the following pleasant description of our gentle girl.

“Before I went into Germany, I came to Brodegate in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her parents, the Duke and Duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber reading *Phædo Platonis* in Greek, and that with as much delight, as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccace. After salutation, and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her, why she would lose such pastime in the park? Smiling, she answered me: “I wist, all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant.” “And how came you, Madam,” quoth I, “to this deep knowledge of pleasure? And what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto?” “I will tell you,” quoth she, “and tell you a truth which perchance ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me, is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing any thing else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly, as God made the world; or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened; yea, presently, sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways (which I will not name for the honour I bear them) so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly,

with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing while I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else, but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it, all other pleasures in very deed be but trifles and trouble unto me."

"I remember this talk gladly, both because it is so worthy of memory, and because also it was the last talk that ever I had, and the last time that ever I saw that noble and worthy Lady."

Ascham's Scholemaster, 8vo. 1743, p. 37.

This is wholesome prose, and worthy of its gracious subject: it seems idle to vex the sentiment which language, clothed in so fitting a costume, must awaken in the reader: and yet I cannot deny myself the introduction of a few stanzas, which were composed under the influence of the character to which they are dedicated.

STANZAS

To the Lady Jane Grey, at Bradgate.

This was thy home then, gentle Jane!
 This thy green solitude;—and here
 At evening, from thy gleaming pane,
 Thine eye oft watch'd the dappled deer
 While the soft sun was in its wane,
 Browsing beneath the brooklet clear:
 The brook runs still, the sun sets now,
 The deer yet browseth; where art thou?
 Oh, gentle Dudley! Where art thou?
 Have years so roll'd that not a track
 Of even thy chamber lingereth now
 To call thine image sweetlier back?
 The careless chair at window bow,
 The ruin'd lute, the crumbling wrack
 Of broidery, the forgotten glove,
 The learned book, thy virgin love;—
 None, none of these abide to tell
 Thy gentle tale,—yet it is told!
 The silence of the breathless dell
 Is musical of thee; the cold
 And mournful water passeth well
 Thy house's ruin, as of old,
 And pineth with a watery sound
 Its little hymn to thy lone ground!
 The air is sainted;—never shone
 More tender light on greener grass,
 Than that which kisseth turf and stone
 Of thy decayed house; alas!
 The aged drowsing trees make moan
 For thee, sweet girl! And many a lass
 Pauseth at morn upon her way,
 And grieveth for the Lady Grey.
 Here was thy life! Here was thy bower,
 By this light water! Thy hard death

Bradgate Park.

Was far away in town and tower,
 And cruel hands destroy'd thy breath:
 Might they not let so young a flower
 Bud all its beauty in life's wreath?
 What must have been that guilty sense,
 That had such fear of innocence!

But though thy young and bridal heart
 Was tortured, thy brave spirit, still
 Untroubled, left its mortal part,
 And halloweth now each dell and hill;
 It liveth by a gracious art
 For ever here; and that wild thrill
 The stranger feels of love and pain,
 Is the present voice of the Lady Jane.

It may be supposed, that often and often during my stay at Bradgate, I wandered amid the ruins of this noble park; and many were the verses that I dedicated to the memory of my favourite Lady and Queen. I did not, however, entirely confine myself to this particular part of the forest, but sought out all the romantic beauties of valley and hill. The valley which leads from the ruin to the village of Newton, is extremely beautiful, and seen, as I have seen it, in the misty and inconstant lustre of the morning, or warmed and enriched with the steady flood of the evening sunlight, it is quite a scene of enchantment. The sides of either hill are rocky, and fledged with the most luxuriant fern, from which the deer are continually starting; and trees of magnificent growth are in great profusion. The stream winds gracefully in the depth of the valley, through broken rocky ground,—

And to the sleepy woods all night singeth a quiet tune.

Here I used oftentimes to take my book, and read the hours away in such a golden idleness as I have never since enjoyed, and now never shall enjoy more! Here I read many a goodly poem, from which shortly thereafter I was ever utterly to be divorced. And here I sat discoursing with my friends on subjects to which now I dare never to recur. In turning to those times, I feel that I am changed; and my present sense of the idle romance of many of my then pleasures is perhaps one of those bitter apples of knowledge, the tasting of which has driven me out of Paradise! However, we cannot always be boys.

I have been in many scenes, and with those persons who are called lovers of the country, but never did I pass such a happy golden time as that which I whiled away in the humble hospitable cottage of Harry Adams.

Here I conclude my rambling history. But who can write of a wild and romantic forest, peopled with such associations as those which abide in Bradgate, and keep the straight and beaten path? Here and there I may in descriptive particulars be in-

correct, but I am strictly faithful to my impressions, and write from recollections that were born between six and seven years ago. The memory of Lady Jane Grey made the place sacred to me, and therefore I thought that some record, however slight, might find readers who would take pleasure in the same. If I have thought correctly, I shall not have written wholly in vain.

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SYDNEY.

Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, is situated in $33^{\circ} 55'$ of south latitude, and $151^{\circ} 25'$ of east longitude. It is about seven miles distant from the heads of Port Jackson, and stands principally on two hilly necks of land and the intervening valley, which together form Sydney Cove. The western side of the town extends to the water's edge, and occupies, with the exception of the small space reserved around Dawe's Battery, the whole of the neck of land which separates Sydney Cove from Lane Cove, and extends a considerable distance back into the country besides.

This part of the town, it may, therefore, be perceived, forms a little peninsula; and what is of still greater importance, the water is in general of sufficient depth in both these coves to allow the approach of vessels of the largest burden to the very sides of the rock.

The appearance of the town is rude and irregular. Until the administration of Governor Macquarie, little or no attention had been paid to the laying out of the streets, and each proprietor was left to build on his lease, where and how his caprice inclined him. He, however, has at length succeeded in establishing a perfect regularity in most of the streets, and has reduced to a degree of uniformity, what would have been deemed absolutely impracticable, even the most confused portion of that chaos of building, which is still known by the name of "The Rocks;" and which, from the ruggedness of its surface, the difficulty of access to it, and the total absence of order in its houses, was for many years more like the abode of a horde of savages than the residence of a civilized community.

There are in the whole upwards of a thousand houses; and, although they are for the most part small, and of mean appearance, there are many public buildings, as well as houses of individuals, which would not disgrace this great metropolis. Of the former class, the public stores, the general hospital, and the barracks, are perhaps the more conspicuous; of the latter the houses of Messrs. Lord, Riley, Howe, Underwood, and Nichols.

Land in this town is in many places worth at the rate of £1000 per acre, and is daily increasing in value. Rents are in conse-

quence exorbitantly high. It is very far from being a commodious house that can be had for £100 a year unfurnished.

Here is a very good market, although it is of very recent date. It was established by Governor Macquarie, in the year 1813, and is very well supplied with grain, vegetables, poultry, butter, eggs, and fruit.

Here also is a Bank, called "The Bank of New South Wales," which was established in the year 1817, and promises to be of great and permanent benefit to the colony in general. Its capital is £20,000, divided into two hundred shares. It has a regular charter of incorporation, and is under the control of a president and six directors, who are annually chosen by the proprietors. The paper of this bank is now the principal circulating medium of the colony. They discount bills of a short date, and also advance money on mortgage securities. They are allowed to receive in return an interest of ten per cent. per annum.

This town also contains two very good public schools, for the education of children of both sexes. One is a day school for boys, and is, of course, only intended to impart gratuitous instruction; the other is designed both for the education and support of poor and helpless female orphans. This institution was founded by Governor King, as long back as the year 1800, and contains about sixty children, who are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, sewing, and the various arts of domestic economy.

Besides these two public schools in the town of Sydney, which together contained, by the last accounts received from the colony, two hundred and twenty-four children, there are establishments for the gratuitous diffusion of education in every populous district throughout the colony.

Independently of these laudable institutions thus supported at the expense of the government, there are two private ones intended for the dissemination of religious knowledge, which are wholly maintained by voluntary contribution. One is termed "The Auxiliary Bible Society of New South Wales," and its object is to co-operate with the British and Foreign Bible Society, and to distribute the holy scriptures either at prime cost, or gratis, to needy and deserving applicants. The other is called "The New South Wales Sunday School Institution," and was established with a view to teach well-disposed persons of all ages how to read the sacred volume.—These societies were instituted in the year 1817, and are under the direction of a general committee, aided by a secretary and treasurer.

There are in this town, and other parts of the colony, several good private seminaries for the board and education of the children of opulent parents. The best is in the district of Castlereagh, which is about forty miles distant, and is kept by the clergyman of that district, the Rev. Henry Fulton, a gentleman

peculiarly qualified both from his character and acquirements for conducting so responsible and important an undertaking. The boys in this seminary receive a regular classical education, and the terms are as reasonable as those of similar establishments in this country.

Biography.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

(Continued from p. 364.)

A thorough acquaintance with the religion and literature of India appeared to be attainable through no other medium than a knowledge of the Sanscrit; and he therefore applied himself without delay to the acquisition of that language. It was not long before he found that his health would oblige him to some restriction in the intended prosecution of his studies. In a letter written a few days after his arrival in India, he informs one of his friends that "as long as he stays in India, he does not expect to be free from a bad digestion, the morbus literatorum; for which there is hardly any remedy but abstinence from too much food, literary and culinary. I rise," he adds, "before the sun, and bathe after a gentle ride: my diet is light and sparing, and I go early to rest; yet the activity of my mind is too strong for my constitution, though naturally not infirm; and I must be satisfied with a valetudinarian state of health." All these precautions, however, did not avail to secure him from violent and reiterated attacks. In 1784 he travelled to the city of Benares, by the route of Guyah, celebrated as the birth-place of the philosopher Boudh, and the resort of Hindu pilgrims from all parts of the East; and returned by Gour, formerly the residence of the sovereigns of Bengal. During this journey he laboured for some time under a fit of illness that had nearly terminated his life. Yet no sooner did he become a convalescent than he applied himself to the study of botany, and composed a metrical tale, entitled *The Enchanted Fruit, or Hindu Wife*; and a *Treatise on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India*; the latter of which he communicated to the Society. He had not been many months settled after his return to Calcutta, when he found the demand made on him for his company, by the neighbourhood of that place, so frequent as to produce a troublesome interruption to the course of his literary engagements. He therefore looked out for a situation more secluded, to which he might betake himself during the temporary cessations of his official duties; and made choice of *Chrishnanagur*, at the distance

of about fifty miles, which, besides a dry soil and pure air, possessed an additional recommendation in its vicinity to a Hindu College. Indeed he omitted no means that could tend to facilitate his acquaintance with the learning and manners of the natives. A considerable portion of his income was set aside for the purpose of supporting their scholars, whom he engaged for his instruction.

The administration of justice was frequently interrupted by the want of integrity in the Pundits, or expounders of the statutes. To prevent the possibility of such deception, this upright magistrate undertook to compile and translate a body of Hindu and Mohammedan laws, and to form a digest of them in imitation of that of the Roman law framed by the order of the Emperor Justinian. The mind can scarcely contemplate a plan of utility more vast or splendid than one which aimed at preserving the fountain of right uncontaminated for twenty millions of people. During the period of sessions and term, when his attendance was required at Calcutta, he usually resided on the banks of the Ganges, five miles from the court.

In 1785 a periodical work, called the Asiatic Miscellany, which has been erroneously attributed to the Asiatic Society, was undertaken at Calcutta; and to the first two volumes, which appeared in that and the following year, he contributed six hymns addressed to Hindu deities; a literal version of twenty tales and fables of Nizami, expressly designed for the help of students in the Persian language; and several smaller pieces.

A resolution, which had passed the Board of the Executive Government of Bengal, for altering the mode of paying the salaries of the judges, produced from him a very spirited remonstrance. The affair, however, seems to have been misconceived by himself and his brethren on the Bench; and on its being explained the usual harmony was restored. At the commencement of 1786, while this matter was pending, he made a voyage to Chatigan, the boundary of the British dominions in Bengal towards the east. In this "Indian Montpelier," where he describes "the hillocks covered with pepper vines, and sparkling with blossoms of the coffee tree," in addition to his other literary researches he twice perused the poem of Ferdausi, consisting of above sixty thousand couplets. This he considered to be an epic poem as majestic and entire as the Iliad; and thought the outline of it related to a single hero, Khosrau (the Cyrus of Herodotus and Xenophon), whom, as he says, "the Asiatics, conversing with the Father of European History, described according to their popular traditions by his true name, which the Greek alphabet could not express." A nearer acquaintance with the great epic bard of Persia had now taught him therefore to retract the assertion he had made in his Com-

mentary on Asiatic Poetry, that "the hero, as it is called, of the poem, was that well known Hercules of the Persians, named Rustem; although there are several other heroes, or warriors, to each of whom their own particular glory is assigned." At the time of writing this, he had an intention, if leisure should be allowed him, of translating the whole work. A version of Ferdausi, either in verse unfettered by rhyme, or in such numerous prose as the prophetic parts of the Bible are translated into, would, I think, be the most valuable transfer that our language is now capable of receiving from foreign tongues.

In 1787 he flattered himself that his constitution had overcome the climate; but his apprehensions were awakened for the health of Lady Jones, to which it had been yet more unfavourable; and he resolved, if some amendment did not appear likely, to urge her return to her native country; preferring, he said, the pang of separation for five or six years, to the anguish, which he should hardly survive, of losing her.

At the beginning of 1789 appeared the first volume of the Society's Researches, selected by the President. Two other volumes followed during his life-time, and a fourth was ready for the press at the time of his decease.

In the same year he published his version of an ancient Indian drama of Calidas, intitled *Sacotala*, or the Fatal Ring; a wild and beautiful composition, which makes us desire to see more by the same writer, who has been termed the Shakspeare of India, and who lived in the last century before the Christian era. The doubts suggested by the critics in England, concerning the authenticity of this work, he considered as scarcely deserving of a serious reply.

In his discourses, delivered before the Society, he discusses the origin of the several nations which inhabit the great continent of Asia, together with its borderers, mountaineers, and islanders; points out the advantages to be derived from the concurrent researches of the members of the Society, amongst which the confirmation of the Mosaic account of the primitive world is justly insisted on as the most important; and enlarges on the philosophy of the Asiatics. Besides several other essays, particular dissertations are allotted to the subjects of the Indian chronology; the antiquity of their zodiac, which he maintains not to have been formed from the Greeks or Arabs; the literature of the Hindus; and the musical modes used by that people.

In the course of the last two years he edited the Persian poem by Hatefi, the *Lailë* and *Majnoon*, the Petrarch and Laura of the Orientals. The book was published at his own cost; and the profits of the sale appropriated to the relief of the insolvent debtors in the gaol at Calcutta.

In 1793 Lady Jones, to whose constitution, naturally a weak one, the climate continued still unpropitious, embarked for England. The physicians had long recommended a return to Europe as necessary for the restoration of her health, or rather as the only means of preserving her life; but her unwillingness to quit her husband had hitherto retained her in India. His eagerness to accomplish his great object of preparing the Code of Laws for the natives would not suffer him to accompany her. He hoped, however, that by the ensuing year he should have executed his design; and giving up the intention he had of making a circuit through Persia and China on his return, he determined to follow her then without any deviation from his course. In the beginning of 1794 he published a translation of the Ordinances of Menu, on which he had been long employed, and which may be regarded as initiatory to his more copious pandect.

The last twenty years of his life he proposed passing in a studious retreat after his return to England; and had even commissioned one of his friends to look out for a pleasant country-house in Middlesex, with a garden, and ground to pasture his cattle.

But this prospect of future ease and enjoyment was not to be realized. The event, which put an unexpected end both to that and to his important scheme for the public advantage, cannot be so well related as in the words of Lord Teignmouth. "On the 20th of April, or nearly about that date, after prolonging his walk to a late hour, during which he had imprudently remained in conversation in an unwholesome situation, he called upon the writer of these sheets, and complained of agueish symptoms, mentioning his intention of taking some medicine, and repeating jocularly an old proverb, that "an ague in the spring, is medicine for a king." He had no suspicion at the time of the real nature of his indisposition, which proved in fact to be a complaint common in Bengal, an inflammation in the liver. The disorder was, however, soon discovered by the penetration of the physician who after two or three days was called in to his assistance; but it had then advanced too far to yield to the efficacy of the medicines usually prescribed, and they were administered in vain. The progress of the complaint was uncommonly rapid, and terminated fatally on the 27th of April, 1794. On the morning of that day, his attendants, alarmed at the evident symptoms of approaching dissolution, came precipitately to call the friend who has now the melancholy task of recording the mournful event: not a moment was lost in repairing to his house. He was lying on a bed, in a posture of meditation, and the only symptom of remaining life was a small degree of motion in the heart, which after a few seconds

ceased, and he expired without a pang or groan. His bodily suffering, from the complacency of his features, and the ease of his attitude, could not have been severe; and his mind must have derived consolation from those sources where he had been in the habit of seeking it, and where alone in our last moments it can be found." "The funeral ceremony," adds his noble biographer, "was performed on the following day, with the honours due to his public station; and the numerous attendance of the most respectable British inhabitants of Calcutta evinced their sorrow for his loss, and their respect for his memory. The Pundits who were in the habit of attending him, when I saw them at a public *darbar*, a few days after that melancholy event, could neither restrain their tears for his loss, nor find terms to express their admiration at the wonderful progress which he had made in the sciences which they professed."

(To be continued.)

Variety.

Extracts from Stephens's Collection of Anecdotes.

SARAH, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

The following letters are highly characteristic of the masculine and intriguing spirit of this woman, even at the verge of fourscore. The originals are written in the clear, firm hand of the age of thirty.

Marlborough House, Sept. 14, 1732.

I gave you the trouble of sending you a great many facts, which are known by all the world to be true, and I own, I did hope they would have made some impression upon you: but by your letter I find you don't think any of them are worth taking the least notice of. And you appear to me to be under the same influence, which you have been from the beginning of all these monstrous things that have happened: who are your counsellors, I can't say, but it must be from your own judgment that you are determin'd, whoever they are. I can only guess, that the tiger, Lady Bateman, is one; because I know that what you say *of my not liking it, if you had done otherwise*, is very near her words. For she writ to your sister Russel, that even I would like her the better, if she came to celebrate the wedding, or to that purpose. You'll tell me that you love me; but I can't see in what it has appear'd, and after I have demonstrated to you, both of my kindness to you and my ill-treatment, your letter is writ with as much caution as if it were to an enemy. And all you can bring yourself to say, is, *that taking any body's part against me is the furthest thing*

from your thoughts; which is the same thing that you have said always upon my subject, that you wou'd not enter into the matter, with more heart, and a little softer expressed; and I am apt to believe, that if I were only an insignificant grandmother, you wou'd not think it were very decent to take any body's part against me, who are so scrupulous even when there is no merit, and for whom there is nothing to be said. I have long wished to convince you of your errors, which might have been of use to you, and some satisfaction to me: but since that can't be, I must be contented with the right and kind part that I know I have acted to you and to all my family. And now I am persuaded, that 'tis best for you never to be made sensible of what has been so unlucky to you, by your own fault. But as for your seeing of me, I must desire to be excused; for that cannot be of any use to either of us, since I am determined that nobody that will not enter into what concerns me so much, shall ever enter into any part of my fortune. But I wish you all the happiness you propose from your other friends, notwithstanding the disappointments of

Your very ill-treated grandmother,
S. MARLBOROUGH.

S. Marlborough, to Mr. Davis.

London, March ye 6, 1737.

Mr. Davis,—I don't write this to you with any desire to constrain you, but to convince you, if I can, that besides the misfortune of contributing to the choice of any member that will certainly, from their folly, and the present interest even of a small pension, will give their votes to make us slaves to France, which is just coming upon us; you cannot hurt yourself in voting according to reason, and making what interest you can for the member the Duke of Marlborough recommends; for if he were not, as I am sure he is, a perfectly honest man, his stake is too great in this country not to endeavour to save it from arbitrary power of any kind, and if you were a man that would consider present interest before doing what is certainly right, you could not lose any thing by it; because your character, and superior genius in your trade, will preserve all the custom that you can desire, and you can lose nothing by being in the right, but a family of idiots, some of which, it is very probable, will never pay you. There are a great many instances of the folly of this family of idiots, who value themselves on being bastards of a player. I will only instance one this time. The Duke of St. Albans has sent to my keepers, to make an interest for his brother in this election, who must starve, and their families, if I turn'd 'em out: because the minister has

taken away the allowance I have a right to, and out of which they were formerly paid, and have been paid ever since King Charles the Second came to the crown. I am told, that the keepers asked the idiot, how he would like to have his servants desir'd to be in any thing against him? To which the idiot replied, according to his way of reasoning, that I could live but a very little while, and if they did not make all the interest they could for his brother, he would turn 'em all out. This is an account that, I think, must be true, because the Duke of St. Albans is an idiot, and a worthless one. And to show it more fully, when I die, the Lodge in the Little Park is the Duke of Marlborough's, and that in the Great Park, John Spencer's. And yet the idiot says, he will turn out all the keepers when I am dead, which he says, must happen soon. I will say no more than that Thursday se'nnight is the day it will come on in Parliament, the question, whether England shall be a people, or whether it must submit to France and Spain? and so far you are guilty, as you make an interest or vote for the family of the idiots, who have, and always will be, directed by those who for their own private views, have betrayed the interest of their country. I have told you nothing but the strict truth, and am

Your friend,

S. MARLBOROUGH.

To Mr. Davis, smith, at Windsor.

S. Marlborough to Mr. Davis.

Wimbledon, Sunday, the 28th July.

Mr. Davis,—I write this to let you know that I have received an order from the Duke of Newcastle to let the Duke of St. Albans have a key to go thro' the House-Park at Windsor. He is, by the king's order, only to go on horseback, or in a one horse chaise. I desire you will therefore make a proper key for him. I don't know what the price is; but let it be ever so inconsiderable, as this is certainly an unreasonable imposition, and what no one that ever lived in the keep had before, tho' I can't dispute with the king's letting any body he pleases have a key to go thro' the Park, yet I won't pay for the key. So that you must ask the Duke of St. Albans for that; which is so inconsiderable, that I only do it to show I make no compliments; and comply, only because I am forc'd. And his Majesty having taken away the allowance, which I have a grant for, and could recover by law, if that were advisable to try against kings, I am not obliged to pay for keys to those that have us'd me in so ungentleman-like a manner as the Duke of St. Albans has.

I am sincerely, Your friend,

S. MARLBOROUGH.

To Mr. Davis, smith, at Windsor.

S. Marlborough to Mr. Davis.

Aug. 16, 1740.

Mr. Davis,—I know you must have interest and acquaintance in all the towns near you, and therefore I write this to desire you would make all the interest you can for Mr. Blagrove, and Mr. Stronde, when they are set up for Reading; for nothing but a good Parliament can save England next sessions; and many are making interest already for that time. They are both very honest men, and will never give a vote to a placeman or a pensioner. I am,

Your friend,

S. MARLBOROUGH.

HONOUR AND FIDELITY.

The Portuguese poet Miranda, had entered into a treaty of marriage with the brother of a lady whom he had never seen; and when he was introduced to her, finding her neither handsome nor young, he said, without alteration in his manner or countenance, "Punish me, lady, with this staff for having come too late." He, however, most honourably fulfilled his engagement, and such was the excellent wife and mother the lady made him, that her death drove him into a state of melancholy, little short of madness. From the hour of her decease to his own, a period of three years, he never trimmed his beard, or pared his nails; never answered a letter, never went out of his house except to church, and never after wrote any thing, except a sonnet on her death.

CALAIS.

Towards the close of the 12th century, Calais was a fishing village, with little in it to excite interest or attention; but when the inhabitants had acquired importance from success in the herring fishery, we find the church ready to extend its tyranny and usurpation on the occasion. In the year 1180, Pope Alexander III. granted the tithe of all the herrings there taken to the Abbey of St. Bertin, celebrated for its immense wealth, but to which bad effects were attributed, from its improper use. M. de Becquigny is the author who informs us of the rapacity thus excited, and the luxurious, worthless, and dissolute lives led by the abbots and monks.

The honest fishermen, however, not clearly comprehending the Pope's right to give away their property, declared they would sooner decimate the monks than suffer their herrings to be decimated. But the unjust sentence passed on them in this transaction, far from being combated, was confirmed by the civil power, and they were reduced to obedience by the Count of Flanders, who was then their regent, as guardian to Iola, Countess of Boulogne.

Science.

Compiled for the Saturday Magazine.

Consumption of Coffee.—At a time when commerce is languishing, it is not useless to note as one of the causes of this evil, the prodigious diminution in the consumption of coffee.

It has been calculated, that anterior to 1819, the common consumption in Europe rose to 69 millions of pounds, whilst in 1819, it was only 37 millions.

Death of an Elephant.—A beautiful Bengal elephant, about 9 feet high, was purchased in London about six years ago, and conducted through different parts of Europe by a lady, with whose presence the animal always appeared to be pleased. He had been exhibited at Geneva, in Switzerland, about a fortnight, and gratified every one by his docility and sagacity. In departing for Lausanne, as usual, in the middle of the night, and conducted by his two male keepers, he had scarcely cleared the gate of the town, when, without any apparent cause, he fell into a paroxysm of anger, and pursued his keepers into the town, where they thought it proper to flee. His mistress, who intended to follow him in the morning, was greatly alarmed at the information, but on gently approaching him, and offering him dainties, she enticed him into an enclosure; but finding him still untractable, she desired that he might be killed as speedily as possible, greatly fearing the same consequences which had been experienced at Venice a few years since, by a similar animal, of which she had also been the proprietor. Poison was first resorted to. They first administered 3 ounces of prussic acid, mixed with ten ounces of brandy (a favourite liquor of the animal). He seized the bottle and swallowed it at one draught, drew back into the court, lay down a few moments, then rose up, recommenced his sport with the things around him, and remained entirely unaffected by this most terrific of all poisons, a single drop of which, placed on the tongue of a dog, produces instant death. Three ounces of the oxide of arsenic were afterwards given him, and the same dose again repeated, but without any effect. He about an hour afterwards was shot through the head with a cannon ball, and expired without a struggle. Notwithstanding the poison he had taken, three or four hundred individuals ate his flesh, without inconvenience. His skeleton was carefully preserved for the Museum of Natural History, and his skin will be used after due preparation, for covering an artificial animal, to be placed in the same enclosure. The occurrence at Venice and that just described, very properly suggest doubts of the propriety of suffering these animals to be taken about the country without

greater precaution. In India, where they are domesticated, when one of them is seized with a paroxysm, he is immediately placed between two others, and sometimes a third is put behind him, which soon reduces him to order.

Literature.

BRITISH LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A new and impartial History of Ireland, from the earliest accounts to the present time, is announced by Mr. M'Dermot, author of "A Critical Dissertation on the Nature and Principles of Taste."

Just published, *Memoirs of Charles Brockden Brown*, the American novelist, author of *Wieland*, *Ormond*, *Arthur Mervyn*, &c. with selections from his original letters and miscellaneous writings. By William Dunlap.

In the press, *Carwin the Biloquist*, and other tales, by C. B. Brown.

Mr. Wordsworth has two new poetical works in the press. The first that will appear is entitled, "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent;" and the other, "Ecclesiastical Sketches."

Mr. Bernard Barton has in the press a new volume of poems, under the title of "Napoleon, and other Poems." It is expected to appear in March.

Mr. Chambers has nearly ready for the press, "Collections for a Biography of English Architects, from the Fifth to the Seventeenth Century."

In the press, "Observations on the Influence of Manners upon the Health of the Human Race; more particularly as it regards Females in the higher and middle classes of Society." By R. Palin, M. D.

Published on the 2d of March, in 2 vols. royal 4to. with portraits, &c. "Memoirs of his own Times," (the present portion comprises the last ten years of the reign of George II.) By Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford. From the original MSS. found in the chest left by his lordship's will, to be opened by the first Earl of Waldegrave who should attain the age of twenty-one after the year 1800.

The Ninth Number of M. Guizot's French translation of Shakspeare has just appeared in Paris; it contains the two Parts of Henry IV. and the Merry Wives of Windsor. Among the newest French publications there is also a *Collection of the Works of Foreign Dramatic Poets*, translated by various individuals distinguished in the literary world. MM. de Barante and Guizot are the translators of Schiller and Shakspeare.